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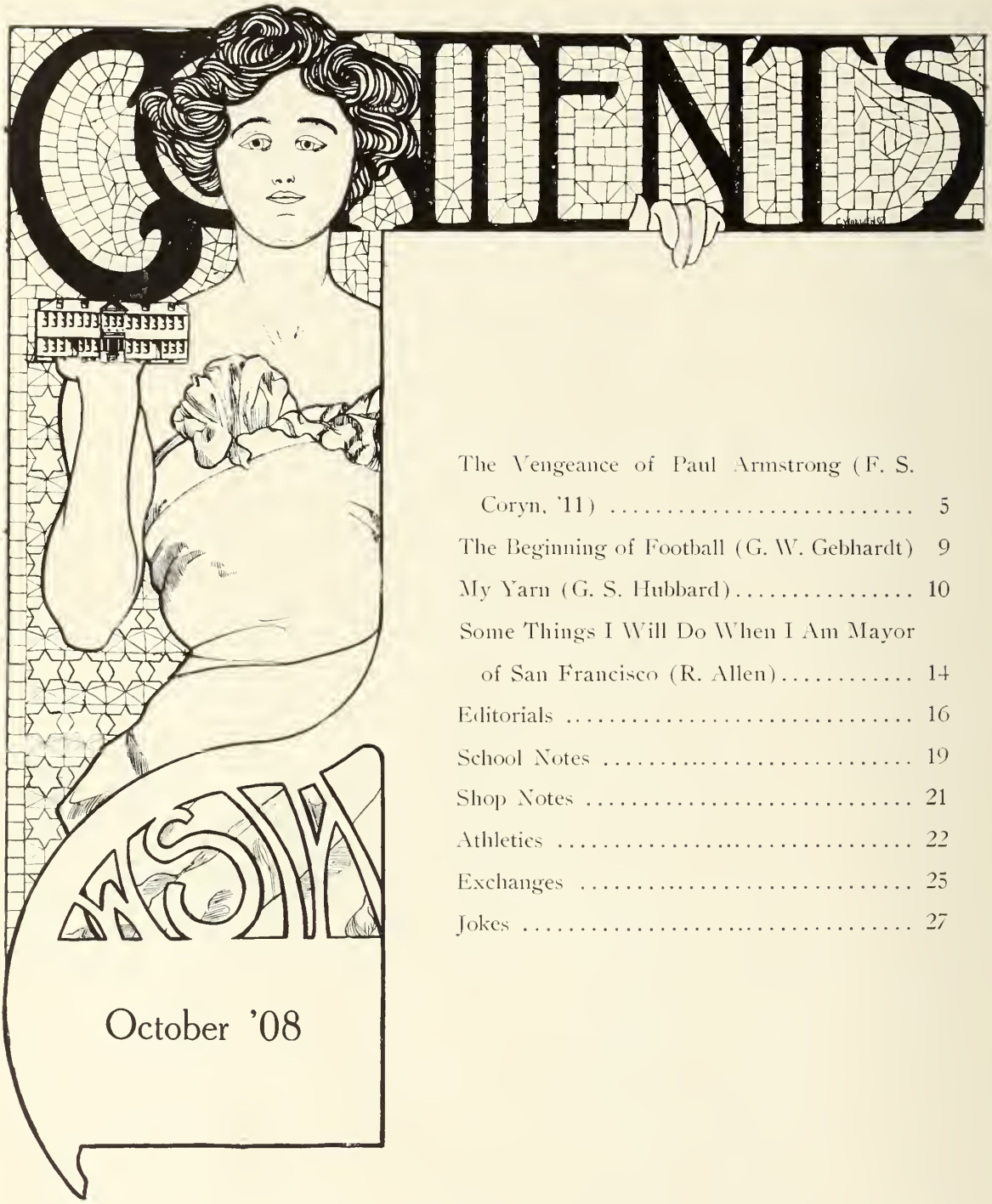

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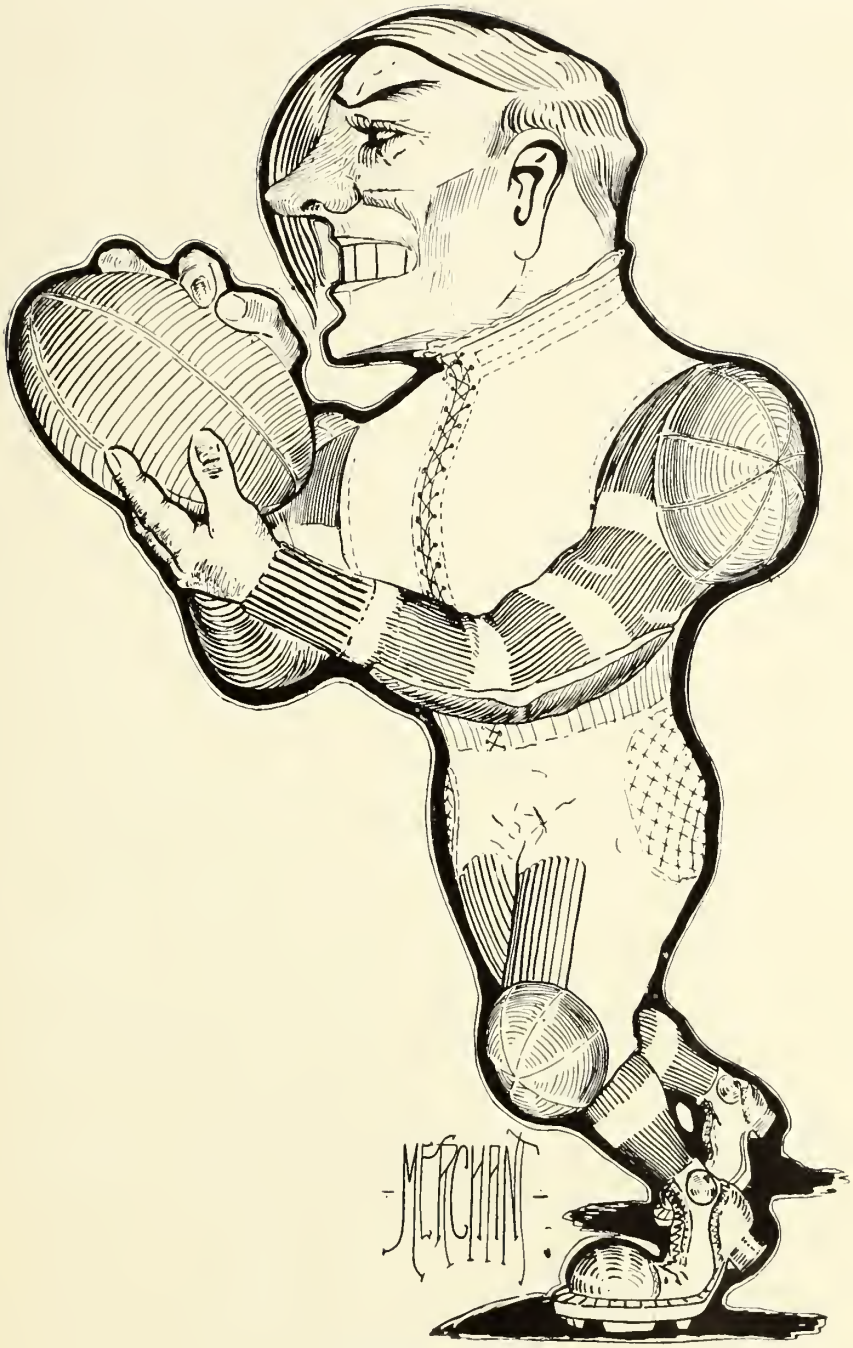

THE PUNT

Literary

The Wilmerding Life

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THE VENGEANCE OF PAUL ARMSTRONG.

F. S. CORYN, '11.

The calmness of mid-day lay upon the little lake in the Canadian backwoods. The trees waved slightly in the light breeze, and there was no sound save the lapping of the water upon the shingly beach, except where a solitary canoe was moving slowly along upon the glassy surface of the water, propelled by the strong arm of a backwoodsman. The man was sunk in a quiet revery and did not notice another canoe approaching until it was almost alongside. Then he looked up.

"Ha, Pierre! it is you," he said to the half-breed occupant of the canoe. He did not seem at all pleased, and scowled threateningly.

Pierre said nothing.

"Well, what you want?" growled the other angrily.

Pierre leaned over—the canoes were almost touching, and whispered something in the man's ear. In a flash the man had drawn his knife, but Pierre was quicker, and the white man sank with a groan into the bottom of the canoe. The canoe capsized, there was a splash, and something sank out of sight into the water. Pierre sat for a while and watched the big bubbles rise and burst.

"Now," he remarked grimly, "you no mek more trouble, by dam ——"

All of which is but a preliminary to the real story.

* * * * * * *

It was in the year 18— that a posse was organized to search for Pierre Lacrosse, suspected of the murder of Paul Armstrong. This was the year, you remember, of the great flood which caused such an extraordinary loss of life. John Armstrong, Paul's brother, was to lead the posse from a little backwoods settlement. It was a cold and chilly morning when the men set out. They were a small but determined band, for Pierre had been suspected of other things. The rest of the settlement openly laughed. The sentiment of the men was clearly expressed by Two Spot Ike, the saloonkeeper. "W'y," he laughed, "d' you 'xpect to ketch Pierre? Lord, man, ye won't catch 'im in a thousand years. He's the best woodsman an' trailer in the hull blame country. No, sir! ye won't catch Pierre. We

ben after 'im afore, but we never caught 'im yet. Well, s' long, and good luck to yer." And the posse started out on their search for Pierre Lacrosse.

* * * * * * *

We must now turn back to the little lake upon which this story opened. But it was no longer a "little lake," for the rains had fallen, and the water was deep and black, rushing onward with an irresistible current, but without a ripple upon its surface. The current was such that for the space of a month, no man had dared go out upon the waters. Yet to one not knowing the lake, it would have appeared calm and harmless, except that the inky blackness of the water, accentuated by the blackness of the night, gave it a deep, hungry look.

The night was like pitch, the moon had not risen, and on an island just above the lake a small party of men huddled round a miserable camp-fire. These were the men who had started out two months before from the settlement, swearing to catch Pierre Lacrosse. They were gaunt and famine-stricken, for they had been caught upon the island by the flood, and their provisions were getting scarce. They sat in dogged silence, waiting, waiting for nothing, and despair was written heavily upon their faces. Presently one of them began to speak, in a low, even, spiritless voice.

"We're goin' to die. We been here two months,—or is it two years?—an' we been dyin' all the time, an' we ain't dead yet. But we will be soon. Ha! ha! ha! we're dyin', dyin', dyin'! an we won't stop dyin' till we're dead. I know it, I know it, ain't two of us gone already? Yes, sir! They're gone; an they didn't stop dyin' till they was dead, an' we won't stop—Ha! ha! ha! I told you so." And he fell forward on his face, his hair singeing in the fire. The men looked at each other, and shuddered, and wondered if they would die like that. Two men lifted the lifeless body and carried it back away in the underbrush, where there were two stones rudely set up, and dug a shallow grave, and buried him, and set up a third stone. They did not pray. They were wondering how many stones would be there in the end, and what would be the fate of the last man.

When they returned, they found John Armstrong leaning against a tree and speaking to the men—not as he had done, day by day, words of encouragement and cheer, but as a man who has thought much, and who sees but one loophole of escape.

"Boys," he said, "I got you into this mess, an' I'm goin' to get you out, God willin'. Now, our provisions are gettin' scarce, we're sick an' we have one canoe. But I can't turn back. I said it should be a life for a life, an' so it shall be. Now the only thing to be done is for one of us to take the canoe an' get help. I know its almost

certain death, but drownin's better'n sittin' here an' starvin'. Whol'll go?"

There was no answer. Not one of the men was willing to take the terrible risk. Then an unexpected thing happened. A tall figure rose from without the circle of firelight, and a gruff voice said, "I go." They stared in stupefied amazement, as Pierre, for it was none other, stalked silently into the circle of light. John Armstrong was glaring at him, hatred in his eyes, his nostrils distended.

"I go," repeated Pierre.

"No, you don't, neither," growled Armstrong, "you're goin' to stay here 'bout two minutes, then you're goin' to a warmer place."

"Then you starve, by dam," replied Pierre laconically, and sat down.

The men, recovering from their first surprise, began to grumble. "Look a-here, John," said one of them, "you said you was goin' to get us out of this, and now you go wantin' to shoot the only chance we got o' gettin' out. Let the poor devil go, an' give 'im a chance, anyway."

"Wot," cried John, "let 'im take our only canoe and then chance it that he comes back? No, sir, d' you 'xpect 'im to come back onct he's got away?"

"I come back, by Gar!" grunted Pierre. "I swear."

"No, don't be a pack of fools," began Armstrong.

"Aw—shut up," from somebody. "Pierre's our last chance, and Pierre it shall be. Pierre takes the canoe."

"Yep, Pierre takes the canoe."

"You bet he does."

And Armstrong was overruled.

Pierre was shown the hiding-place of the canoe, and started out on his perilous venture.

* * * * * * *

The stillness of midnight lay upon the little lake in the Canadian backwoods. There was no sound save the rushing of the water and the slow drip, drip, of Pierre's paddle. Not a breath of wind stirred the trees, there was not a ripple upon the inky blackness of the water. The moon, almost full, had just risen, and hung low in the Heavens, making a pathway of light from the canoe on towards the dark shore. The trees showed black blotches against the sky, and were reflected as black in the water, so that one could not tell where the water ended and the trees began. And Pierre paddled onward, following the path of light made for him by the moon.

Pierre backed water suddenly, he had almost run up against a stump, and narrowly avoided it; as it was, he had scraped it as he past, and he anxiously lit a match to see if the canoe had suffered

any damage. No, there was no leak, but what was that? A dark stain lay upon the bottom of the canoe—blood. He gazed at it a minute, and then suddenly a flood of recollections beset him! This was John Armstrong's canoe—possibly his brother's—the same canoe that—— and his hair stood on end with superstitious dread. He gazed over the side of the canoe. Three large bubbles rose and burst upon the surface. This was more than Pierre could stand, for he recognized the very spot, and in a mad frenzy he seized his paddle and urge the canoe wildly forward.

He could not say how long he had been paddling when he heard the drip, drip, of a paddle behind him. He looked back, but he could see nothing. Then the terror seized him again, and he flew on; but the steady drip, drip, followed and gained on him. At last, exhausted, he stopped and looked back again. Nothing but the slow drip, drip, of a paddle growing steadily louder. At last something moved in the darkness behind him. Then suddenly an awful shriek split the darkness, rising from a low rattle to a wild scream, and slowly sinking back to a low moan. Pierre almost dropped his paddle. He was so terrified that he did not recognize the death scream of one of the denizens of the forest. Seizing the paddle he urged the canoe forward again, muttering many prayers, the cry still ringing in his ears, and the steady drip, drip, of the pursuing canoe never ceasing. He seemed to paddle on for hours, till his whole body ached and his tongue was dry, hearing and seeing nothing but the shriek he had left behind, the slow drip, drip, of the pursuing canoe, and the bubbles rising and slowly bursting upon the surface of the water. Suddenly there was a soft thud, and the canoe stopped, refusing to move despite Pierre's frantic efforts. He dropped his paddle and covered his face with his hands, but he could not keep out the monotonous drip, drip, drip that followed. He mustered up enough courage to look back, and made out the dim form of a swiftly-moving canoe—but, Mother of God, it was empty. Pierre was frozen with horror, as the drip, drip, of the invisible paddle came closer, closer. The canoe was almost alongside. Pierre could not move. Two more strokes and the canoe grated against his, and he felt a cold breath on his cheek. Pierre waited, motionless, waited, waited, horror frozen on his features. An eddy caught the empty canoe and whirled it away down stream. But still Pierre waited, waited, motionless, horrified. Clouds covered the moon and stars, and the night grew inky black and Pierre waited, still waited. The trees on the shore stirred, and Pierre waited. The breeze struck the lake, and stirred the water—Pierre waited. Presently the canoe swerved, there was a low gurgle, and Pierre pitched face-

forward into the canoe. The canoe capsized, there was a splash, and something sank out of sight into the water.

Then the storm burst, the wind howled as if laughing in fiendish glee, the trees bowed before it as if consumed with mirth, and waves rose and hid the three big bubbles which slowly rose and burst upon the surface.

* * * * * * *

A few days later a woodsman found the upturned canoe run upon a sand bank, recognized it, and sent word to the settlement that John Armstrong had been drowned in the flood.

* * * * * * *

As for the posse they stayed upon the island, and waited for that which never came—waited, and starved, and died, died cursing Pierre Lacrosse, but the winds roared and the waters raved and the trees bent before wind and wave, and the river rose and covered the island, and obliterated every last trace of the tragedy—or was it a farce?—which had been acted thereon.

THE BEGINNING OF FOOTBALL.

G. W. GEBHARDT.

Perhaps the majority of our athletes, in fact most of them, who are interested in football do not know how or where it originated. Some have never taken the trouble to think about it. Being interested in athletics I have been able to collect many interesting notes from magazines and stories told by some of the best athletes.

It was in the B. C.'s that football was first played. The Greeks played under the same principles as we play our game to-day. We do not know the rules by which they played, or if they had any. They played a more strenuous game and it is said that they often died from the effects.

In Greece they did not have grounds adapted especially for football, but had two cities for their goals. The kind of a ball they used is not known, but it must have been pretty strong. The men started at an even distance between the two cities and kicked, rushed and stopped the ball. There was no time given in which to make the goals. It sometimes took them a whole day and very often they did not make the goal at all.

These people must have been great athletes to be strong enough to stand such hard work. Our game of to-day, at the distance and time under which we play it, and how we feel after we walk off the field, will give us an idea of what kind of an athlete the Greek was.

MY YARN.

G. S. HUBBARD, '12.

From the time I was a little fellow in short breeches the water has always had an exceedingly strong fascination for me. Very early I aspired to be a sailor on some fine vessel and experience the strange and wonderful adventures such as I had heard and read about. I was a lad of about fifteen years of age and was residing with my parents in the southern part of Milwaukee, about a quarter of a mile from the shore of Lake Michigan, when the incidents which I am about to relate occurred.

About this time the public bath house, on the beach, was given into the care of an old sailor, who was too feeble to longer follow his calling.

From the first he and I became fast friends, and many a fine yarn did he spin for me. Invariably, every evening found me with several of my friends down to see old "Cap. Baxter," as he called himself.

On cold evenings we sat about the red hot coal fire in the bath house and dozed while the captain smoked his pipe or, between his puffs, told us of his experiences. Sometimes on hot summer evenings we would all lie out on the beach and listen to the waves roll in or watch the lights of some vessel as she left the river, till they faded away in the distance.

One Saturday afternoon late in October on one of those stormy and leaden days so characteristic of that month I sat beside the bath house fire playing a lazy game of checkers with my chum, Teddy Van Ells, and waiting for the captain to return from his lunch.

"Sounds as if it's getting windy," Ted remarked, as he coolly jumped my last man and swept it from the board. I nodded, throwing the checker board behind the stove in disgust.

He followed me to the window, saying, laughingly: "You play like a washerwoman." "I'll bet we are in for a piece of bad weather," I remarked, glancing at the black sky and the white-capped waves which had risen.

Presently the captain came in slamming the door behind him. "We're in for a blow or I'm no sailorman," he exclaimed, making a grimace as he wiped the sand from his eyes.

"Going out again?" I questioned, as I noticed him donning his oilskins.

"Sartanly! Want to come?" he questioned. "I'm going to keep the beach patrol company." My chum and I readily agreed, and,

buttoning our overcoats tightly about our necks we dashed out into the storm. It was now raining quite hard and the wind blew so that I could hardly stand against its tremendous force. After walking what seemed to me about two miles down the beach we came upon the beach patrol, sheltering himself as best he could behind an old stump, which lay on the beach, and scanning the water with his glass. He nodded to the captain as we approached, but was apparently unconscious of the presence of my chum and myself.

Motioning for the captain to take his glass, the patrol pointed out to sea. The captain understood and, taking the glass, scanned the black and angry sea for several moments.

Suddenly he waved his hand excitedly and pointed seaward. Although I could not hear a word amid the roar of the waves and shriek of the wind I gathered from their motions that there was something out to sea.

The beach patrol turned and struggled down the beach as fast as he could go against the wind, toward the life-saving station. The captain motioned for us to follow him, then started up the lake bank, which overlooks the bay.

From here we could get a good view of the object of all this excitement. A sloop of about fifteen tons was laboring heavily in the rough sea. She was badly dismantled, the top of her mainmast having been carried away, also her bowsprit. The mainsail was partly down and the gaff was banging around wildly against the top of the deckhouse. Every sail was in ribbons, which were streaming away to leeward with a lot of her ropes. She was a picture of wreck and confusion.

No life was apparent aboard her. "At the rate she is drifting now she will be on the beach inside of twenty minutes," the captain yelled. She certainly was coming in fast for now I could see the inside of her cockpit when she slid down on the side of a wave. Her companion slide and doors were snugly closed and I guessed there must be some one inside her cabin. She was now only about half a mile out and coming toward the beach with great leaps as she rode the giant waves.

"Her chances are just about even on getting ashore whole," cried Ted. "If she comes up on this sandy beach she has a chance, but if she drifts south another mile she goes to pieces on the rocks."

"Look," cried I, "some one is opening the cabin door." A man stuck his head out and looked around, then ducked in again, as a giant breaker came tumbling aboard. Immediately, however, as the wave receded, he sprang to the top of the deckhouse, and ran

toward the bow. He had reached the middle of the deck when the wildly swinging gaff knocked him from his feet.

I gave a cry of horror as I saw the poor fellow grab wildly at the stays and then roll overboard. In a minute, however, he came to the surface, and struck out strongly for the shore which was now but a short distance.

I gave an involuntary cry of admiration as I saw him struggling on the tops of those great waves. "Where is the life-saving crew?" I exclaimed indignantly. "Why are they not here to help this poor fellow?"

"They've tried to launch their boat three times in the last twenty minutes," answered the captain, who had been observing them through his glass, "and she has been swamped every time." "Come on though, maybe we can help him," he continued, and sprang down the steep slope with the agility of a young man. When we reached the beach there seemed to be nothing to do but wait. Down near the level of the water, as we were, we could only see him once in a while, when he rose on top of the largest breakers. One or two big waves would bring him to the beach!

My knees knocked together with excitement. We all got as far down the beach as we could and waited. One wave, then two, and, on the third, I saw our swimmer, but he looked as limp as a rag. We all made a dash for him! I don't know how far I got, but I had a sensation of being whirled around like a sack of wheat and dumped high upon the beach more scared than hurt. Ted lay ten feet or so away in a like condition.

The captain, however, had reached the man, and, before the next wave came in, had him beyond their reach. After considerable time and labor were spent we succeeded in reviving him sufficiently to enable him to walk to the station where he was cared for. Meanwhile the sloop had beached stern foremost. On her deckhouse I read her name, The Polly, of Milwaukee.

My chum and I hurried down to the station, where the captain and the rescued man had already arrived, to hear the man's story. He seemed to have quickly come around, when given a stimulant and some dry clothes, and was quite talkative.

"I left Milwaukee early this morning," he explained, "bound for Chicago, where I was to meet some friends, who were to accompany me on a cruise to Detroit. Having had but a short time to complete my preparations, I was forced, at the last moment, to hire my crew offhand. Making a hasty trip to the waterfront yesterday morning I soon came upon a couple of fellows who were evidently unemployed, and approached them, explaining my lack of a crew.

After a little hesitation they agreed to accompany me. I led the way to where the 'Polly' was lying and told them to get their dunnage aboard that evening in readiness for an early start next morning.

"Having quite a lot of business to attend to before leaving I was up nearly all night and in consequence was pretty tired in the morning, so after clearing the breakwater safely I left my crew in charge and retired to my berth, intending to make up for my lost sleep.

"I must have slept until about noon when I was aroused by a great racket directly above my head. Springing from my berth, I rushed on deck to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"To my surprise I discovered no one at the helm and the 'Polly' drifting aimlessly in the wind with all sail set. As I came up the companion way I heard a string of curses and yells, and, upon reaching the deck found my two hands locked in a struggle with one another. I immediately rushed up to separate them. On observing me coming toward them, they seemed to forget their grievance against each other and both struggled to their feet and rushed for me, one waving a large black rum bottle over his head and yelling in a drunken manner as he came. I ducked out of their way and sprang to the top of the cabin, where I observed from their actions that they were both 'half-seas over' with rum. On they came toward me yelling as they came. I couldn't imagine what they had against me, but they wouldn't let me stop to find out. I ran forward, they after me, one to starboard and one to port. They succeeded in cornering me up in the bow, where, after a sharp fight, I tripped on the anchor and down I went with them on top of me, the wind being knocked from my body. They then rolled me down the companionway into the cabin and closed and locked the doors leaving me a prisoner. Then taking everything that was portable on deck, including several cases of goods, which I was carrying to Chicago, they rowed away singing drunkenly and showering insults upon my boat and me.

"I was unable to get out of the cabin and my only hope of rescue was from some passing vessel. When the storm struck her I thought the 'Polly' was going over sure, for her sail was still set, but she righted when the mast snapped. Luckily as I neared the shore a wave hit the door in such a way as to knock out one of the panels. I then easily put my arm out and unbolted the door. My idea of running forward was to drop the anchor to prevent her from going ashore but as you saw I was knocked over board by the flying gaff."

SOME THINGS I WILL DO WHEN I AM MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

RANDAL ALLEN, '12.

The interval between my graduation from the grammar school and entering the high school gave me time to see the city of my birth and also to think of my future career. Some things which I saw caused me to long for a political career. So I set about to map out a program as to the things I will do when I have become Mayor of San Francisco.

The first thing I would do would be to appoint two thousand policemen. Their standard height would not be less than six feet, chest measurement forty inches, and they should not weigh over two hundred pounds. I would give men with the largest feet the preference, because in running after offenders they could cover more ground. I will insist on a very high intellectual test. No candidate would be accepted who could not pass an examination in the third grade of a public school. I will provide a free school of instruction and make attendance compulsory on all officers who have been less than ten years on the force. The Chief of Police will have to enforce all the rules and regulations of his department and see that his men enforce the laws of the city—no more—no less.

I will compel the United Railroads to run their cars not less than thirty or more than sixty miles an hour. I will abolish all "Take next car" signs, and compel the Park Commissioners to confiscate the horse car on Market street and place it in the Museum of Golden Gate Park as a relic of the progressive spirit of San Francisco in the year 1908. I will have adopted a one cent a mile rate on all lines in this city, as it is unfair for one passenger to pay five cents for one mile and another passenger to pay five cents for twenty miles. I will also see that the United Railroads give free transportation to all pupils under twenty-one years of age attending the schools of this city. There is no reason why we should have free schools and not have free rides. It will also save a great amount of mental and physical energy of the pupils in dodging the conductor. I will also compel the railroads to have separate cars for ladies who wear large hats, and make the penalty for men attempting to ride in these cars forcible expulsion from the car.

I will appoint a special transit commissioner at every busy street corner to see that teamsters do not obstruct the progress of automobiles. It is more important that the chauffeurs should make time than that the teamster should deliver his load of merchandise. I

will have a by-law passed giving a policeman authority to arrest any teamster for driving more than two miles an hour, and any chauffeur for less than sixty miles an hour. For the timid and inoffensive pedestrian I will have built overhead walks far away above the din and bustle of the public thoroughfare. The streets do not belong to the ordinary citizen anyway!

When I am Mayor of San Francisco I will use my best influence to have the office of District Attorney abolished. All cases requiring the attention of the District Attorney will be referred to a council of newspapermen, representing the various daily papers of this city. It will be the business of that body to prosecute all offenders against the law, and this must be done without any regard as to the particular political party the offender is identified with, the particular daily he subscribes for or the amount of space he contracts for in any of the dailies. This will have a great advantage over the present system of conducting prosecutions, as the responsibility of maintaining the dignity of the law and enforcing the law will be in the hands of those who have been taking sides for or against the offender, and frequently the real issue is forgotten in the effort to win out for a particular newspaper.

When I am Mayor of San Francisco I will endeavor to have the laws changed in regard to the system of drawing juries. I will take the roll of taxpayers and put every man on the jury panel, alphabetically from A to Z. Every citizen should have a chance to do his duty and also have a court trial as to his character and political affiliations. No man will be accepted as a juror unless he is able to prove that he has never read a San Francisco newspaper, none of his friends have ever been in politics, and that he has never heard that any of the laws have been violated. I have long been convinced that prospective jurors and not alleged criminals ought to be convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

I will compel the telephone company to put all wires underground. I will also have my Board of Supervisors make a flat rate of one dollar a month for a direct line, seventy-five cents for a two-party line, and fifty cents for a three-party line. I will also make it compulsory to have four shifts a day, each operator only working six hours. Failure on the part of the company to give a number must be met with a written apology from the company to the subscriber!

When I am Mayor of San Francisco you will see more changes than I can write about.

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THE WILMERDING LIFE

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A few short centuries ago Rome was mistress of the world. Her galleys and fleets had crossed the then known oceans and her armies had conquered the world. Her men with their short swords had carved out a mighty empire and overthrown established governments. Through her relentless activity this had been accomplished. As long as this kept up Rome held her large possessions, but this vast empire, in the end, proved her undoing, for, from the East, came habits which undermined and wrecked this great institution, the Roman Empire. The people of the upper class of Rome became too much of an easeloving class and their great ambitions began to fade away. Gradually her possessions slipped from her. The lower classes became dissatisfied and Rome as a mighty factor in the world's history became a thing of the past, and this through the idleness of her people and their love of ease.

Farther back in the ages lies Egypt, "The Mother of Civilization." One of the oldest nations of the earth and a nation which was once numbered among the strongest; now, with the weakest. And what was the cause? Simply the love of ease and the extravagant lives which her people led and which killed out their higher ambitions.

Passing by the ancients, however, we come to the more modern country of Spain. At one time, this country, through her conquests, had laid claim to nearly all of the Western Hemisphere. From these possessions came vast treasure. The desire for wealth, however, soon crowded out all other ambitions and in the end the empire of Spain went down till it is now one of the minor countries of the world.

Thus it has been with many other great nations; idleness of her people, and the crowding out of other higher ideals for a single sordid ambition, has proved to be their ruin.

It is even this way in the life of the private citizen. The number of noted men and women who have gained fame through hard work and study are legion. Men and women who were in poor circumstances but whose ambition was to improve, used the best of their spare time to accomplish this end; these are the bright lights of history. Their ranks include men and women who were not afraid of good honest, hard work, and who wished to improve, to reach a higher standard that they might be of more use to humanity. Many of these people had afflictions which if they had been easily discouraged would have caused them to fail.

A great many of the world's student heroes could be named but few surpass that of Ludwig Beethoven who was one of the world's master musicians. He was, at the age of nineteen, stricken with deafness, but even with this affliction to overcome he wrote some of the grandest music the world has ever heard.

Francis Huber was another man whom the world at large, and especially the people of Switzerland, honor. Owing to his studies he was at the age of fifteen stricken blind, but even thus handicapped, with the help of his wife and a servant he made a study of bees and became at one time the world's best authority on this subject.

There are many poor boys who have worked up, and then developed themselves to the betterment of the human race.

The stories of Lincoln and Andrew Jackson have been told to us often since we began our school. The boys who have risen from the ranks to the highest points of fame are especially numerous in American history. Many of our presidents, besides Lincoln and Jackson, have so risen. Andrew Johnson was a tailor's apprentice at ten. But by hard study he managed to work up. Similarly, James Garfield had to find his own education.

Few men know how to read as many languages as did Elihu Burritt. Yet he was a boy who, as a blacksmith's apprentice, had to study and learn these in the spare hours which he could get. Burritt was also a great advocate of universal peace.

In my opinion the man without an ambition is a dead one and the world would be better off without him, for such a person is a hindrance to progress and to the world. What if Florence Nightengale, the founder of the Red Cross, had had no ambition, what if Moody and Sankey, the great evangelists, had failed to have an ambition or Thomas Edison, Frances E. Willard or any of the great speakers, inventors and improvers of the age?

The above people have all done a share in making the world better. They have passed on and left the task to others—perhaps to us! In the long run the life that is spent in getting money or position, either in the life of the nation or of the individual, does not pay. It is the life devoted to high ideals, to service for others and not for self, that makes life worth living.

It is often said that character and ideals can be changed while we are young but not often after the school period is over. Are our ideals noble? Right here in school are we standing for the highest and best? Whatever spirit we show here, whatever success we gain here, whether it is to stand at the head of our classes or lead a team to victory, we are likely to show the same spirit and meet the same success when we go out into the real life. If we are not doing the square thing here, to ourselves, to others and to the school let us turn about for we will never find a place where we will have more friends to help us and opportunities to gain self control. Now, in the words of Elbert Hubbard, "my preachment ends."

May 20, a meeting of the Student Body was called, with Trowbridge in the chair.

Minutes were read and approved. The names of Hertenstein, Bridgeford, Demerrit, Grinsell and Flinn were voted upon to receive medals for their work on student activities. They were all voted one. As at the next meeting an election was to be held for the election of officers for the Student Body for the ensuing six months, the following were nominated:

President—Trowbridge, Merchant, Grinsell, Cliff.

Vice-President—Vitt, Gunn, Dallas.

Secretary—Franz, Scovel, Skov, Rodolph.

Yell Leader—Orr, Murray, Fulton, Chapman.

Business Manager—Zecker, Vollmar, Dallas, Franz, Fox.

Editor—Cliff, Gunn, Mooser.

Ground and Property Committee—Dallas, Demeritt, Skov, Gebhardt, Baumbaugh.

Advisory Board—Miss Anderson and Mr. Dodge.

Before the meeting adjourned a vote of thanks was given the bicycle team for riding the course and so holding the cup this year. The team was Cliff, Holmes, Ashley, Flood and Towle.

May 27 a meeting was held and resulted in throwing out the business done by the Board of Control in regard to the giving of medals. A committee of three from the Student Body and the Advisory Board were appointed to award the medals, their vote to be final. This committee was Vitt, Dallas, and Merchant. Money was then voted for baseballs and medals. A motion was made and carried that Letter Day be put off another week. The election of officers was held and the following were elected:

President—W. Trowbridge.

Vice-President—O. Vitt.

Secretary—V. Franz.

Yell Leader—W. Orr.

Business Manager—B. Dallas.

Editor—F. Cliff.

Ground and Property Committee—Demeritt, Baumbaugh, Gebhardt.

Advisory Board—Miss Anderson and Mr. Dodge.

Meeting was called June 3 for the purpose of awarding the medals and block W's. The chairman of the medal committee gave his report and advised that Letter Day be postponed another week. Motion was made and carried that a Goat Club be formed and students who did not do their "share" towards supporting student-enterprises be made members. Meeting adjourned at 2:25.

June 10 a meeting was held, the last before the summer vacation. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. Reports were given by the chairman of the Advisory Board and Grounds and Property Committee. Committee of three and Advisory Board was appointed to spend the money in treasury according to apportionment, the money to be spent for baseball coach and Wilmerding Life. The committee was composed of Wing, Schwartz and Fulton. To make things lively the band was there to cheer us up, and they certainly rendered some fine music. Letter Day was then declared and all who received medals and block W's made little speeches of how they earned their W's and medals. The following received medals: Grinsell, Bridgeford, Flinn and Hertenstein.

The following received block W's: 1, Wing; 2, Orr; 3, Forderer; 4, Ashley; 5, Braunagle; 6, Flood; 7, Cliff; 8, Salfield; 9, Skelley; 10, Hanly; 11, Trowbridge; 12, Flinn; 13, Merchant; 14, Baumbaugh; 15, R. Willison; 16, Grinsell; 17, Vitt; 18, Miller; 19, Batchelder; 20, Stromberg; 21, Chapman; 22, Berg; 23, Demeritt; 24, Stadfeldt.

The first meeting of the Student Body after the summer vacation was held August 19th with Vice-President Vitt in the chair. To show that we were alive so early in the term the band was present to give us some music. The Treasurer's report was given and the new students as well as the old were asked to pay their dues as soon as possible so as to swell the fund in the treasury. Mr. Christensen was appointed our delegate to the A. A. L. He spoke upon the student activity proposition and it met with approval. It was as stated in the last issue to have each student in the school take part in some student activity and a record of it to be kept in the office. Miss Edwards spoke on the paper and urged the boys to take more interest in their shops and classes—their real purpose in attending school. Meeting was then turned into a rally and to arouse the interest of the Freshmen the following spoke on the

different activities: Cliff, on Paper; Bentley, on Camera Club; J. Willison, on Football; Wing, on Baseball; Baumbaugh, on Track; Stadfeldt, on Basket-Ball; and Chapman on Swimming. The meeting wound up with a selection by the band.

SHOP NOTES.

With the beginning of the new term many old faces are seen in the shops and also many new ones. One is working as hard as the other so that no loafing is seen.

Mr. Grant is now back from his trip East and is teaching the carpenters a few more stunts. Welch is still here to help out and is at present working on the new building with Berg and Scovel. "Dutch" Hanley decided to come back and is busy working on window frames. "Buck" Franz has quit making window frames for a while and is at present making a mahogany library table for Mr. Grant. "Bill" Orr is another old timer and is engaged in making tool boxes by the wholesale. The others are busy making joints and doing odd jobs about the shop.

A shop which is getting a larger enrollment every new term is the cabinet shop. It now has about as many boys and furniture as it can hold. Among the best work is an extension table being made by Assalena. He is certainly showing that he knows something about the business. Baxter is making a filing desk for Lick, and a good many are busy making tables for the Freehand room. The freshmen are busily working on joints.

In the brick shop something is certainly "doing." The freshmen are right on the job and putting the walls on the new building up good and fast. Mr. Werson is proud of his freshmen as they are the hardest bunch of workers he has had for many a day. Skelley is now the oldest in the shop and is busy showing the "young ones" the fine points of the game. The elevator for hoisting bricks and mortar is in fine working condition.

If you want to hear some noise that is worth while, go by the electrical shop the early part of the day. It is the same old story of chipping blocks. The freshmen are taking to it fast, as quite a few have theirs squared. The second-year boys are far advanced and are getting ready to study the Underwriters' Rules. After this their wiring commences. The older boys have an interesting piece of work, that of putting in a switch board in the Cabinet shop which will light the whole building. Among these older boys are Cliff, Matcheck, Flamm and Langendorf.

In the plumbing shop may be seen many freshmen all busily

engaged in working on their miscellaneous exercises such as the making of tin cups and canes. The older boys have been putting in a hot shower for Lick and also laying pipe for the same school. Among these older boys are Goodman, Hupp and Dinsmore. The others are all doing odd jobs about the shop and building.

The architect's corner in the mechanical is becoming very prominent for the fine drawings being turned out. Probably the whole Naught Eight Class is represented here,—Skov, Miller, Baumbaugh and Fulton are working on measurements. "Charlie" Grinsell is on flats while Zecher, Leason and Starks are on their suburban. The honorables Vitt and Merchant are on Class A, and J. Willison and Kent are working on their Class C. Roy Willison is the only one at present working on public buildings. This bunch have been doing creditable work and it is to be hoped that they will continue to do so.

ATHLETICS

TRACK.

Our track teams in the past have not been quite as good as the teams representing other branches of athletics. This year we expect things to be different and see our track team come out on top.

Baumbaugh, our old stand-by, has been re-elected captain, and in his "speech of acceptance" roasted everybody generally. Three of our track men have gone—Demerritt, Ashley and Wing could always be counted on to make points in any field day.

In the fifty and hundred, as before, we will have Woodmansee, Malott and Vitt. Dykmans and Malott are making good time in the two-twenty. Dykmans, also, is running the quarter with Gebhardt and Smith. Flood, who did so well last season, will run the half-mile with Franz, while Roy Willison and Sisser will take care of the mile.

Gebhardt, Grinsell and Walfish should do well in the hurdles.

Baumbaugh can make good at almost anything, but as he seems to be at his best in the jumps and the pole vault, he will probably train for these.

Woodmansee will also go in the broad jump, and Dykmans and Gebhardt in the high jump and pole vault.

Merchant will take care of the shot put and will enter in the hammer throw with Cliff.

Last year our relay team was rather weak, but this time, with Vitt, Franz, Dykmans, Hanly, Malott, Gebhardt, Berg and Smith to choose from, we should have a good team.

TENNIS.

Tennis is a branch of athletics which does not command much attention in the school at present. At a meeting of the student body, however, "Babe" Batkin was elected tennis captain. A tournament was started in vacation, but was never completed. There are a number of fellows in the school who play the game, but none of them, except Batkin, seem interested enough to practice. Batkin plays an excellent game and should do well in the singles.

BASKET-BALL.

As the League games are still several months off, there has been no training as yet. Captain Stadfeldt has secured the Y. M. H. A. gymnasium for Wednesday afternoons and will soon have the fellows out training once a week at least.

Of last year's team, Berg, Baumbaugh, Trowbridge and Stadfeldt are back again. Wing, one of the forwards, has left school. Fox, Roy Willison and Hanly, who played in some of the games last year, will be out again this year. Batkin, A. Stadfeldt and Palmer, who played on the Freshmen team, will also try out. We have plenty of material and should turn out a good team.

SWIMMING.

In swimming our team did not accomplish much in the last Academic. Now it seems to have been taken up with an active interest by the fellows, and we should turn out a much larger number. An inter-class swim will be held at an early date, and this should bring out some more men. Of last year's team we have Chapman, Merchant and Salfield. Among some other likely candidates are Dykmans, Gebhardt, Walfish and A. Stadfeldt.

BICYCLE RACES.

On September 26 we have our annual bicycle race with Lick for the Perpetual Challenge Cup. We have had this cup so long now that we do not want to lose it, and we are not going to lose it, either, if some of the fellows in the school who ride a bicycle will train a little. The race is a five-man relay, and every man to ride five miles.

There has been some talk of substituting an inter-class bicycle meet instead of the customary try-out and then picking the five riders and an alternate from these. This gives every bicycle rider a chance. Even if you do not think you can make the team, come out and help your class to win.

FOOTBALL.

The season has begun and the fellows are out training in earnest. Our prospects for turning out a winning team this year

certainly look bright, as most of our veterans are back in suits again and quite a bunch of new men have come out.

Our backs are especially strong and with Trowbridge and Rudolph, halfs; Merchant as fullback and Hanly playing quarter we can show a set of backs that any school might be proud of.

Skov, who played guard on last year's team is out for center. Dinsmore is also a candidate for the position; Cliff, Blair, Holmes and Scovel are trying for guard. Berg, Millar, Meyers and Stadtfeld will try for tackle, and Roy Willison, Smith and Greninger for the ends.

The school is fortunate in having John Willison back again, for although he will not be able to play on the team his services as manager make him a valuable man.

Trowbridge, last year's captain, has been re-elected and will again lead the team. Tiscornia has been retained as coach and is rapidly rounding the fellows into shape.

On Wednesday, September 16th, the team lined up for a practice game with Alameda High. Although the game was played in Alameda quite a bunch of rooters went across to see the team play.

As it was the first game either school had played this season it was agreed not to count points or to play a regular game.

Captain Trowbridge gave every tryout a chance to play. The men were changed around quite a bit but the line-up was very nearly as follows: Center, Skov and Dinsmore; Left Guard, Blair and Scovel; Left Tackle, Miller and Meyer; Left End, R. Willison; Right Guard, Cliff and Holmes; Right Tackle, Berg; Right End, Smith, Greninger and Towle; Quarter, Hanly; Left Half, Rudolph; Right Half, Trowbridge and Smith; Full, Merchant.

The men all played a steady game and it is probable that in a regular game we would have come out victorious.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

On Friday night, December 4, 1908, the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts will give a dance at the Golden Gate Commandery Hall, Sutter and Steiner streets. The dance is to be held under the auspices of the Class of 1909.

There will be good music and a good floor so come prepared to enjoy yourselves.

Gentlemen, 50 cents; ladies, 25 cents.

The Review (Lowell, Mass.).—We do not approve of your laying the blame for the failure to increase the standard of your paper upon the students. Does it not occur to you that there may be a lack of energy in the members of the staff? A few more "ads" would make it possible to put out a better appearing magazine. However, your material is good and your departments well written. "The Mysterious Stranger" is your best story, although not quite up to the standard of high school literature. "The Tournament" is excellent, showing much thought and ability on the part of the writer.

Blue and White (Sacred Heart College).—The appearance of your paper is not such as would be expected from a school of your size and importance. Your cuts are crude and your departments, save the literary, are decidedly incomplete. In your criticism of others be careful of your wording, as there is no such word in the English language as "unliterary." We wish to call your attention to the fact that the Table of Contents in all magazines is in the front of the book, the proper place. The literary aspect of your paper is exceedingly good. Both the stories and articles are well written, and it would be difficult to decide which are best. Your poems and their authors are to be highly complimented. "The Song That the Sea Wind Sings" is especially noteworthy.

The Owl (Fresno, Cal.).—This time you are among our best exchanges. Your cuts are excellent, your departments well written and arranged, and your magazine attractive throughout. Your jokes are excellent in quality and quantity, the Athletics and Locals are well written, and last, but not least, your stories and essays excel the standard

of high school literature. We have seldom seen a more attractive commencement paper.

The Searchlight (San Rafael).—A little different arrangement would help toward the appearance of your paper, but the literature is good, especially the stories. They show literary talent on the part of the authors. We consider "The Old Spanish Love Song" your best story. It is short, but complete, and very interesting throughout. As a whole you have a very good paper. Let us know how you can support such a paper without "ads."

The Mission Graduate (San Francisco, Cal.).—You have a very neat cover and your stories are all good. "The Awakening" and "The World's Loss" are probably the best. "High Speed and Some Luck" is a story that keeps up great interest until the end. "Is Ready-Made Wisdom a Folly?" shows much thought on the part of the author. It is a heavy subject and is handled well. The author deserves much credit. Your departments are written up well, but a little larger Exchange column and a few more cuts would add greatly to the appearance of the paper. You have done so well on this issue we would like to see you get out a quarterly instead of an annual.

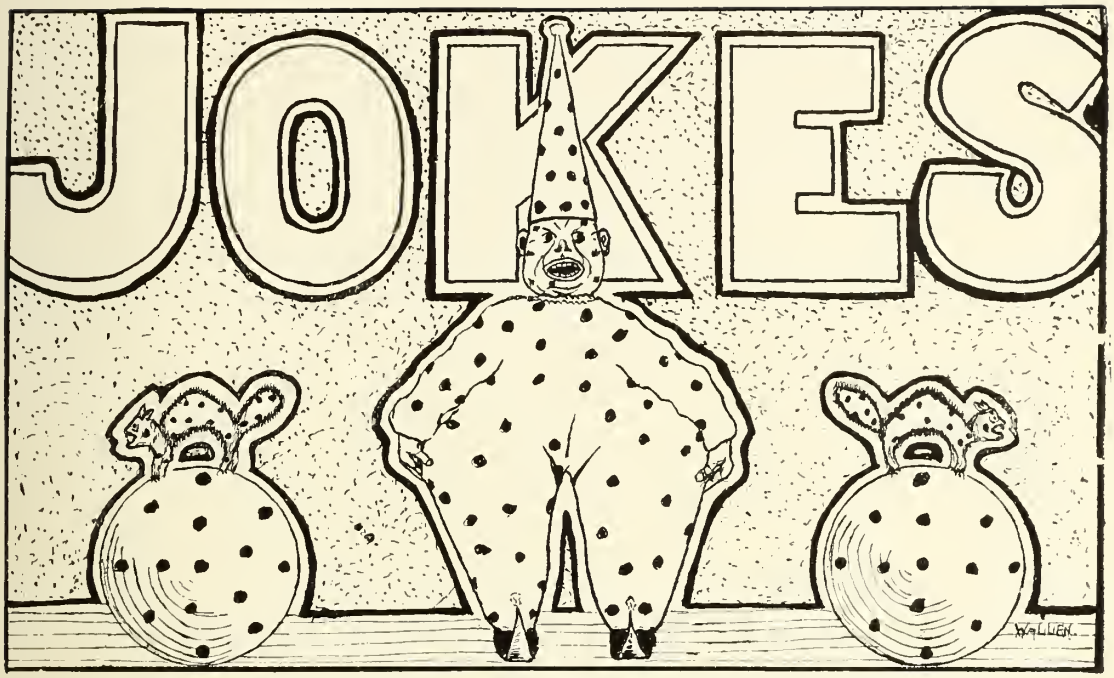
The Poppy (Winters High School).—You are steadily growing more attractive. A few department cuts would add to the appearance of your paper. Judging you by the work of other schools of your size *The Poppy* is good. We differ with you, though, as to the price of our paper. Any school with spirit would gladly pay our price or even more, if by so doing they could get out a paper of good standing.

The Cogswell (San Francisco, Cal.).—Yours is a plain but very neat and attractive cover. Your stories are all good, "Baltimore Bill and His Economic Oysters" being the best. Your Editorials, School Notes and Athletics are splendidly written, in fact all your departments are good. They show that the school is not dead and that there are plenty of school activities going on.

The Oracle (Oakdale Union High School).—The cuts in your paper are all fine, especially the Graduating Girl. Your stories are original and good, and the poetry is fine. The Class Work and Exchange column are also worthy of comment.

Comus (Zanesville High School).—Your School Notes and Jokes are good, but there is something lacking in the other departments. They are too short. Judging from the looks of the Athletics column there is a lack of spirit in school activities in that line. More stories and better cuts would help a great deal.

White and Gold (Yreka, Cal.).—Although the literary material in your paper is good, the presswork is far below the standard, and we fear that you spoil its appearance by using such small type. Above all, though, do not make a catalogue of your paper by putting the courses of study in.



Flamm (an old chemist to a young Freshman)—"You see the hydrogen affects it."

Y. F.—"What's that? A mild form of hydrofobia?"

* * *

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* * *

For a while it was thought Wing was going to open a census bureau as he spent most of his time with Orr trying to find the ages and the sizes of the Freshie's collars and socks.

* * *

Smith, (on hearing two bells ring at once)—"Miss Crowe is running opposition."

* * *

A new law in algebra:
Match X your pencil = II.
If it does not ask Hanly, for he ought to know.

* * *

Freshie (in electric shop)—"I just bought an Ajax motor for 75c."

O'Brien (an architect)—"How many horse power has it?"

Freshie—"About 2½ H. P."

"What did you say that drill press is for?"

Plumber—"Oh, that is to press drills with."

* * *

Miss Edwards—"What makes the Freshies going through the halls rattling their triangles?"

Salfield—"Because they have left their rattles at home."

* * *

Miss Edwards—"What are two necessary features of a debate?"

Student—"A pitcher and a glass of water."

* * *

Mr. Dodge (to the class)—"Who was the first electrician?"

Fat Holmes—"Noah."

Mr. D.—"How do you make that out?"

Holmes—"He made the ark (arc) light by putting a window in it."

* * *

First Student—"I suppose Hanly will play quarter again this year."

Second Student—"But I bet Grinsell can beat him out for it."

* * *

History Teacher—"What is Brussels noted for?"

Coggins—"For its funny carpets."

H. T.—"What is funny about them?"

C.—"Well you buy them by the yard and wear them out by the feet."

* * *

First Student—"Gee, that was an easy ex."

Second Student—"Sure, I never had to look in my book at all."

* * *

The '09 Debating team challenges all comers.

The first opponent they ought to overcome is our "Socialist Friend"; if successful there the Freshmen will accept their challenge.

* * *

Chemistry (Mr. Christensen, after lecturing on elements)—"Mr. Baumbaugh, what is an element?"

Baumbaugh—"I'm not sure, but I know if you take a fish out of water he is out of his element."

* * *

Also Chemistry (Mr. C. to Kramer)—"Are hydrogen and oxygen very abundant?"

Kramer—"Yes, sir; they manufacture both on a very large scale."

Jokes are scarce but we always have Kessler with us.

* * *

Teacher—"Rae, when did Washington first ride in a carriage?"
Rae—"When he took the hack at the cherry tree."

* * *

Prof. Milton—"When did Columbus land in America?"
Milton—"Don't know."
Professor—"Why don't you know?"
Milton—"I was not there when he landed."

* * *

Donald said to his mother one day, "Are girls more pets than boys?"

"Why?" asked she.

"Well!" he answered, "girls wear petticoats but boys only wear coats."

* * *

"Do you want to buy my horse?" asked one girl of another, "for he is eating his head off in the stable."

"Well!" said the other girl, "I do not want to buy a horse without a head."

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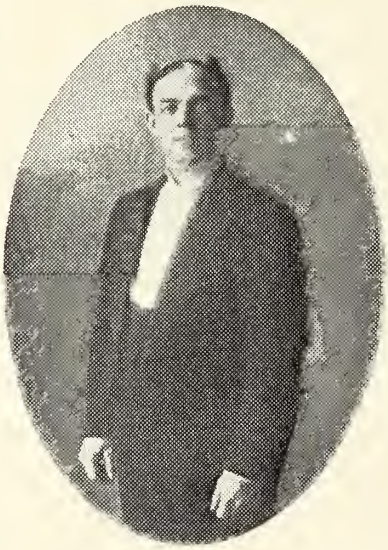

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